How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wetherd ribs and ragged ſayles,
Leane,rent,and beggerd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*,more of this hereafter.
Lo. Sweet friends,your patience for my long abode
Not I,but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you ſhal pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my father *Iew.* Ho,whoſe within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that *I* do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo and thy loue.
Ieſſ. Lorenzo certaine,and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*,whether I am yours?
Lo. Heauen & thy thoghts are witnes that thou art
Ieſſ. Here,catch this Casket,tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde,and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could,*Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend,for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Ieſſ. What,muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames,
They in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of diſcouery,Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
Lor. So are you ſweete,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy,
But come at once, for the cloſe night

Doth